

CEPHALUS *and* PROCRIS.

cor R A 7
DRAMATIC MASQUE

With a Pantomime Interlude, call'd,

HARLEQUIN GRAND VOLGE

As it is Perform'd

By His Majesty's Company of Comedians

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE

LONDON:

Printed for J. WATTS at the Printing-Office in
Wild-Court, near 'Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

MDCCXXXIII.

[Price Six Pence.]

The D R A M A.

Aurora.

Cephalus.

Procris.

Neptune.

Amphitrite.

Deities of Pleasure.

Tritons.

Sea-Gods.

Sirens.

A noble Venetian.

Italian Bravo.

Harlequin.

Colombine.

A Miller.

Pierot.

Gardeners and their Wives.

Mandarin Gormogons.

Chinese Guards.



Cupids, Winds, Guards, and Attendants.

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270.

CEPHALUS



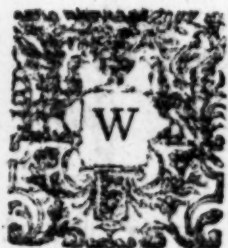
CEPHALUS *and* PROCRIS.

A

DRAMATIC MASQUE.

A Prospect of a Pleasant Country, Cephalus discover'd asleep on a Bank of Flowers. Aurora rises from behind a Hill, and comes forward, and speaks.

A U R O R A.



Hither, *Aurora*, whither woud'st thou rove?

Hopeless to reach the Object of thy Love.

This chearful Morn, the Woodland Chace employs,

His happier Nights, reserv'd for *Procris*' Joys.

A 2

But

But soft! what charming Vision feeds my Eyes?
 'Tis He! 'tis *Cephalus*! Repos'd he lies:
 O *Venus*! charming Mother of Desire!
 With all thy Aids of Love, my Love inspire:
 O let this charming Youth, by me convey'd
 To Scenes of Bliss, relieve a love-sick Maid.

A I R.

*Haste! haste ye little Loves,
 Ye gentle Zephyrs fly;
 Bring with you Venus' Doves,
 And waft him thro' the Sky.
 To Fountains, Grotts, and Bowers,
 Where Love is never Coy;
 Where Days shall seem but Hours,
 And Time be kill'd with Joy.*

Four Cupids descend, and fly away with *Cephalus*.
Aurora goes out.

The Scene changes to the *Rialto* in *Venice*: *Harlequin* enters, and seeing *Colombine*, his Mistress, in the Balcony of her Brother's House, sends her a Letter by a Pigeon. The Brother, a noble *Venetian*, and *Pierot* his Servant, enter. *Harlequin* plays Tricks with *Pierot*, which draws on a Beating

a Beating from his Master, and then go off.

The Scene changes to a Room in the *Venetian's* House : *Colombine* enters, reading with Joy the Letter *Harlequin* her Lover sent her. Her Brother comes unperceiv'd upon her, snatches the Letter out of her Hands; and, having read it, in the Transports of his Rage offers to stab her, but *Pierot* interposes: Upon which the *Venetian* locks her up, and resolves to turn all his Resentment upon *Harlequin*. He sends *Pierot* for a Bravo, in order to guard his House, and murder *Harlequin*. After the Bravo and a Servant have arm'd *Pierot*, they go out.

The Scene changes to the Street.

Pierot and the Bravo enter, with a Cannon and Mortar, to guard the House. *Harlequin* attempts to get in, but is prevented by *Pierot*. He gives Wine to the Bravo, who seems pleas'd; and while he is greedily drinking, *Harlequin* jumps into the Mortar:

Pierot

Pierot perceiving it, informs the Bravo, who is still drinking. After a Consultation, they resolve to fire the Mortar off, which they do, and *Harlequin* is shot into the House. While *Pierot* is rejoicing at his Exploit, the *Venetian* enters, and seeing *Harlequin* in the Balcony, flies into the House, follow'd by the Bravo and *Pierot*. Immediately after, *Harlequin* and *Colombine* run out, pursu'd by the *Venetian*, Bravo, and *Pierot*.

The Scene changes to a View of the Country, with a Bridge over a River, and a Water-Mill. The Miller crosses the Bridge, and while he is inspecting the Work of his Mill, *Harlequin* and *Colombine* enter, and are going to hide themselves in the Mill, but are prevented by the Miller; but being mollify'd with Money, he gives his Consent: Immediately after, the *Venetian*, the Bravo, and *Pierot*, enter, and inquire of the Miller after *Harlequin* and *Colombine*, but he refuses to discover 'em; 'till overcome by another Bribe, he shews 'em to the *Venetian*. The *Venetian*,

tian, *Bravo*, and *Pierot*, run over the Bridge into the Mill; when they are in, *Harlequin* and *Colombine* run out, and immediately after *Pierot* runs upon the Bridge, beckoning his Master to follow him; upon which the Bridge breaks down, and *Pierot* tumbles into the River, where the Mill Wheel turns him several times about, till 'tis suppos'd he's almost drown'd. *Harlequin* and *Colombine* make their Escape. The *Bravo* and *Miller* disengage *Pierot* from the Wheel, and carry him off.

The Scene changes.

The *Bravo* and the *Miller* bring on *Pierot*, and deliver him to a Servant of the noble *Venetian*, his Master, and go off.

The Scene changes to a beautiful Garden, adorn'd with eight Statues of the Heathen Deities, and several running Fountains.

Cephalus

Cephalus enters, surpriz'd with the Beauty of the Place.

Cep. Where art thou, *Cephalus*! What heav'nly
Scene

Enchants thy Sense? How beauteous! how serene!
This can be sure no Produce of the Earth;
Some Power Divine has given these Wonders
Birth.

Enter Aurora.

Aur. Turn, turn thee, gentle *Cephalus*, and see
The Author of these Wonders, rais'd for thee.

Cep. Parent of Day, bright Goddess of the
Skies!

You strike a trembling Mortal with Surprise.

Aur. If these but seeming Wonders please thy
Sight,

Let me with greater still, thy Sense delight.
'Tis here, the Goddess Pleasure, keeps her Court,
And waits thy Wish, with ev'ry sensual Sport.

Come, smiling Pleasure, with thy gay Desires,
Soft Blandishments! and mutual amorous Fires:
Here, tread your dalliant Measures on the Green,
And tell him what *Aurora's* Blushes mean.

A Dance

A Dance of *Pleasure*, and her Followers.

Aur. Thus, thus, my *Cephalus*, our Days shall
 prove,
 One circling Round of never ending Love,

A I R.

Cep. In vain, alas! your Charms invade
 A Heart, that is another's due:
Were She I love by me betray'd,
 That Falshood wou'd not merit you.
To make my wav'ring Heart your Prize,
 In vain your softning Art allures;
While Procris by my Falshood dies,
 I never, never, can be yours.

Aur. Can all these Joys I've shewn thee, no-
 thing move?

Cep. They may my Wonder, but excite not
 Love,

Aur. Obdurate Wretch! has tender Love no
 Force?

These marble Statues wou'd have more Remorse:

B

There's

There's not a Deity of Stone, but bears
 With kinder Sense than thou, my Sighs, my
 Tears.

Descend! descend ye breathing Forms of Art,
 And while your animated Limbs impart
 A Sense of what I feel, subdue his harder Heart.

The Pedestals all sink to soft Music,
 'till the Statues are even with the Ground,
 then move themselves into Attitudes of Sup-
 plication.

Aur. Behold the moving *Hermes*, moves with
Jove,

To supplicate thy Pity on my Love;

Bacchus, *Apollo*, *Neptune*, *Hercules*,

All, all, for lost *Aurora*, bend their Knees.

Now, all resume your Attitudes, and be

Once more at Rest—a Joy unknown to me.

Here the Statues move into their former
 Attitudes, and are rais'd up as they were
 first discover'd.

Cep. These may be all Delusions, tho' they
move ;

I'll sooner doubt my Eyes, than change my Love.

Aur. Nay, then, farewell for ever, stubborn
Boy!

Hence! to your *Procris*! take your short-liv'd
Joy:

The Winds that brought thee shall attend thee
still,

And gratify in ev'ry Wish thy Will.

Go prove her Faith, and to thy Torture try,
If *Procris* more deserve thy Love than I.

[*The Winds conduct Cephalus off on one Side
of the Stage, while Aurora retires on the
other.*]

Scene changes to the Garden of *Cephalus*.

Enter Procris and Delia.

A I R.

Proc. Go, gentle Sighs, pursue the Wind,
Pass o'er the Mountain, Vale, and Grove;
Till wand'ring *Cephalus* you find;
And whisper in his Ear, my Love.

B 2

Alarm

*Alarm his Heart with all my Cares,
 Oh! tell him, tell him how I mourn;
 A thousand Frights, a thousand Fears,
 Surround me till his dear Return.*

*Del. Procris, this very Morn,
 As from Hymettus Hill, I made my way,
 I chanc'd amidst the shady Vales to stray;
 There, with hard Labour of the Chace oppress'd,
 I saw your sleeping Cephalus, caress'd
 By a fair Nymph, nor were my Eyes deceiv'd,
 I saw her languish, as his Bosom heav'd:
 What farther follow'd, was to me unknown,
 For with a sudden Gale, a Cloud came down,
 And from my wond'ring Sight, the Vision swift
 was born.*

A I R.

*Oh! Jealousy! thou raging Pain!
 Where shall I find my Peace again?
 Revenge and Hate,
 For this Ingrate,
 Torment and tear my Breast;
 My wounding Woes,
 Know no Repose,
 Gone, gone for ever is my Rest.*

[Exeunt.

Scene

Scene changes to another Garden: *Harlequin, Colombine, Gardeners and their Wives,* discover'd dancing.

Pierot comes on and observes them some time, then threatens *Colombine* to inform his Master; she beats him off. *Harlequin* hides himself in a Flower-Pot. The *Venetian* and *Pierot* come on, looking for *Harlequin*; perceiving him in the Flower-Pot, they remove it; and going to stab him, a Rose-Tree spring up in the Flower-Pot. *Pierot* runs off, and returns with a Couple of Axes, to cut the Tree in pieces, which immediately disappears, and discovers *Harlequin* transform'd into a Cat. The Cat plays several Tricks with *Pierot*, and at last runs away into the garden. The *Venetian* and *Pierot* pursuing him, the Garden Gates change into a Couple of Cages, and inclose the *Venetian* and *Pierot*; *Harlequin* and *Colombine* run off, ridiculing them.

The Scene changes to a Street.

Exeunt.
Scene

Pierot

Pierot and a Servant enter; while he is informing the Servant of his Misfortunes, *Harlequin* and *Colombine* cross the Stage and go to a Tavern to make merry. *Pierot* observing them, sends off the Servant to inform their Master; the *Venetian* enters and *Pierot* attends him to the Tavern, in order to find out *Harlequin* and *Colombine*.

The Scene changes to an Arbour, suppos'd to be in the Tavern Garden. *Harlequin* and *Colombine* go into the Arbour, in order to regale themselves: *Pierot* enters and discovers them: While *Pierot* goes to inform his Master, *Harlequin* and *Colombine* go into the Arbour: Then *Pierot* enters with the *Venetian*, and not finding them, they pull open the Doors of the Arbour, which changes to a magnificent *Chinese* Palace: *Harlequin* discover'd, sitting as the Emperor of *China*: His Guards oppose the Entrance of the *Venetian* and *Pierot*, who retire, out of Fear, to each side of the Stage. After several Dances in odd Postures, in the *Chinese* manner, by the

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Mandarins and the Emperor, *Harlequin*,
n the Character of the Emperor of *China*,
goes through the Ceremony of making the
Venetian and *Pierot*, Gormogons; which
nded, the *Venetian* gives *Colombine* to
Harlequin, and they are carry'd off in
triumph.

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The Scene changes to a fine Hunting
country, a Pack of Hounds in view,
ainted by *Tilemans* of *Antwerp*.

Enter Cephalus, and several Hunters.

HUNTING SONG, and CHORUS.

p. *Hark! bark, 'tis the merry ton'd Horn,*
Calls the Hunters all up in the Morn:
To the Hills, and the Woodlands we steer,
To unbarbour the out-lying Deer.

CHORUS.

Then all the Day long,
This, this is our Song,
Whilst hollowing,
And following,

So

*So frolick, and free;
Our Joys know no Bounds,
While we're after the Hounds,
No Mortals on Earth are so jolly as we.*

*Cep. Round the Wood, while we stand, how we glow
When we hear the Hills echo illo!
With a bounce from the Cover he flies,
Tarra, tarra, tantivy brave Boys.*

CHORUS.

Then all the Day long, &c.

*Cep. While we sweep o'er the Valley, or climb
Up the Health-breathing Mountain sublime
What a Joy from the Labour we feel,
Which alone, he who tastes it can tell.*

CHORUS.

Then all the Day long, &c.

[They go off singing the Chorus]

French-Horns wind the Chace.

The Scene changes to a Country, with
a Prospect of the Sea.

Cephalus enters with his Followers.

Cep. Now homeward all disperse.

[Hunters go off.]

These shady Trees

Invite Repose.

O sweet refreshing Breeze!

Soft kissing *Aura*, to my Bosom come;

For thy Embrace, these Arms have always room.

A I R.

Ob gentle Air, sweet Aura, rise,

Relieve the Wretch who for thee dies.

To taste thy Sweets I daily rove,

From Hill to Hill, and Grove to Grove;

Now kindly kissing fill my Arms;

Diffuse, and breathe out all thy Charms.

Ab gentle Air, sweet Aura, rise,

Relieve the Wretch who for thee dies.

[Reposes.]

C

Enter

Enter Procris.

Pro. All is too true, he burns with lawless
Flame;

My Rival's found, and *Aura* is her Name.

This way I heard his Voice. O! dire Distress!

Now Death alone can what I feel redress.

[*Exit.*

Cep. What means that rustling in the Wood;
some Deer,

Perhaps, or Beast of Prey, I heard it there—

Ay, there the Bushes move: whate'er thou art,

This fatal Spear flies certain to thy Heart.

[*Throws his Dart into the Thicket.*

Proc. [*within.*] O *Cephalus*!

Cep. Ye Powers! what mournful Cry!

[*Enter Procris, bleeding.*]

Pro. Since by thy Hand I fall, content I die.

Cep. Oh! Horror to my Sense! what is't I see!
Now hurl your dreadful Thunder, Gods, at me!

Pro. If, *Cephalus*, for me you grieve, you may,
In one last Kindness, all my Wrongs repay.

Cep. What means my bleeding Love?

Pro. Promise but this—never let *Aura* (swear
it *Cephalus*)

By our past Love, in proof of which I bleed,
Never let *Aura* to my Bed succeed.

Cep. Error on fatal Error, still supplies
The cruel Wrath of both our Destinies;
The Name of *Aura*, which I sang, my sweet,
Meant but the Air invok'd to 'swage the Heat.

Pro. Then I, misled by Jealousy, must own
My Fault, and dying for that Fault atone.

Cep. Ah! whither are our past Endearments
flown!

A I R.

Pro. O Cephalus! Farewel, farewell!

Since I find Truth in thee;

No real Pains in Death I feel,

But those thou feels for me.

[Dies.

Cep. Now, hopeless Heart, canst thou this Stroke
survive!

Nor Love, nor Nature suffer thee to live.

Receive me Ocean, down thy friendly Tide,

And make my *Procris*, yet again my Bride.

Thus, thus, my Love, by Fate reduc'd, I go

To meet thy Shade in happier Worlds below.

[Throws himself into the Sea.

Enter Aurora.

Aur. Wretched *Aurora*! now detest thy Arts,
And mourn thy Fate of two divided Hearts.
Imperial *Neptune*, Monarch of the Seas,
O raise thy gorgeous Palace with thy Prize.
Give him once more to my relenting Eyes,
While I his chaste connubial Flame immortalize.

A magnificent Temple of *Neptune* rises
out of the Sea. A Triton sings the fol-
lowing Song, addressing himself to *Au-
rora*.

A I R.

Trit. Blooming Goddess! only Treasure,
Endless Source of Joy and Pleasure;
See in Transport, *Neptune* rise:

Peace and Safety ever crown thee,
With flowing Plenty he'll surround thee,
Whilst mighty Jove shall rule the Skies.

[After the Song, *Neptune* rises.

Nep.

Nep. Behold bright Goddess, fair relenting Maid,
Thy sacred Will by *Neptune* is obey'd.

Wou'dst thou atone his timeless Fall, see there
The weeping Loves, and sighing Winds appear,
With bleeding *Procris*

[*Procris brought in.*]

Now melt thy Eyes,
And raise the pity'd Pair, to grace the Skies.

Aur. For these hard-fated Souls, ye Stars make
room,

That heav'nly Honours may repair their Doom:
In yon celestial Sphere, your Form shall shine,
And consecrate your Truth with Fame divine.

Cephalus and *Procris* are plac'd in a Cha-
riot by Cupids and Zephyrs.

Nep. Now *Tritons*, *Sea-Nymphs*, from your Co-
ral Caves,

Rise to *Aurora's* Rays, and tread the Waves;
Dance o'er the floating Green, and to the Sea,
Proclaim an universal Jubilee.

A grand Dance of Tritons and Sirens.

CHORUS.

*To Cephalus and Procris Praise,
Your sounding Shells and Voices raise:
Sing, sing, and celebrate their Flame,
And give their Fate immortal Fame.*

FINIS.



ens.

